

For the *Whig*.

Twilight Meditations.

While, in a stranger land I roam,
And far from friends most kind,
A thought can't pass my lonely
Oh rushes through my mind.

And oft alone, at twilight's hour,
While musing on the past,
With sweet recollection's magic power,
My mind is overcast.

I bring to mind those moments spent,
On Old Onida's shore,
And gladly, did not fate prevent,
Would there spend many more.

Though prairies stretch from sky to sky,
Dew'd oft in Nature's green,
And beautiful flowers in clump the eye,
Within my view were none;

Though pleasant groves, and rippling rills
And meads, and flowers abound,
Yet here are not my native hills,
With lofty forests crowned.

Oh! give me back my "lullaby lake,"
Her "islands," and her breeze,
And all this once combined to make
"This roving heart at home."

Oh! give me back my "lonesome boat"
In all her beautiful pride,
As once she gallantly did float,
O'er Old Onida's tide.

Old give me back the soothing balm,
Of love, and friendship joined,
The stern and true life of calm,
And satisfy the mind.

And take away those prairies vast,
Their beauty's not for me,
For, where'er my eye is cast,
No kindred face I see.

T. D. B.

The Song of the Summer Wind.
I go, I go, where the road leads deep,
That sea-fan'd by my breath to their friends
grant leave;
Where the lily white in its paleness lies,
And drinks in light from the violet's eyes.
I go, I go, where the wild flowers bloom
In the valley deep in the evening's gloom
When their roses rattle from the crimson west
And his last ray falls on the mountain
breast.
I go, I go, o'er the ocean's waves,
Whom the midnight stillness in its lonely
waves;
When a new tide stillness is on the sea,
'Tis a glorious beautiful hour for me.
I go, I go, o'er the desert waste,
Where the pilgrim pursues his journey fast
And the lone caravan is on the desert track;
Where the guiding spring is a precious price
As it leads the weary wanderer's eye.
I go, I go, where the maiden fair
Watches the sunset flowers in her lover's
hair,
And her brow is fain'd as I wander past,
And a brighter smile o'er her cheek is cast.
I go, I go, where the pale moon light
Invites the flowers their rest at night;
And I bid him from their faces the drops of
dew
That have been borrowed from heaven their beau-
tiful hue.
I go, I go, o'er the world abroad,
For I love the boundless shores of land
And my song to heard o'er the land and sea,
And the wild green earth rejoices in me.

The two women had already struck ten. The wind moaned loudly as it found its way through the grooves of the dilapidated cottage, and its rain pattered on the window, it told how uncomfortable it was without. On that night many a family drew closer around their comfortable firesides, as they listened to the elements raging around them. But there was one poor building to which we have alluded, where there was no comfortable hearth at every thing looked desolate and lonely. There was but a single room, and scant contained furniture of the meanest quality. The wretched looking beds, the broken chairs, the naked walls, the handful of coal smouldering on the hearth, told of poverty in its most naked form.—In one of the beds lay a female, whose countenance, sad and convulsed, indicated the ravages of grief rather than of disease. The silence never could protect the child, the lingering traces of beauty, but the expiring anguish, and a young girl, perhaps of seventeen, clothed in a faded salmon gown. Poverty and suffering did not efface the beauty of her countenance, but her eyes were red with weeping, and her cheeks pallid with grief, were almost morose. Shivering with cold she was steadily pursuing her work, for this was the sole dependence of the family for daily food.

"Julia," and the mother, "do lay aside your work and go to bed. You will perish with cold."

"But, mother," replied Julia, brushing away the tear which was gathering, "I cannot! Mr. —, the tailor, that I would have it done this evening, and besides there is nothing left in the house to eat in the morning. So that I must finish this before I sleep." And again she piled her needle with renewed assiduity.

But where was the father, and the husband? All this time! Heed! No. Gone to sleep! No. An unfortunate debtor immured in prison? No. But he's *Tipping to the Coffee House*, upon the way he had taken by accident secured, for transacting a little piece of low business. — And he was asleep! Once he was the most assiduous lawyer in the city of New York; but now he was an out-and-out drunkard. The fearful habit of *being a little*—had wound a chain around him which he ineffectually strug- gled to break. One after another of his friends left him, and at last almost an- nounced to himself, he found himself penniless, homeless, and a street drunkard.— His companion sank under the blow, and his name on jaywalk.

His beautiful Julia, who had been raised in luxury and tenderness, for Julia, when grieved, but as want, absolute want increased, sin aroused herself to meet the exigency. For a year she had supplied the scanty living of the family, whilst her natural parent, expending every cent he could get for the maddening liquor,—that it was evident that her strength was gradually sinking under the task.

"Julia, my daughter," again said the invalid mother, in a voice feeble and choked with grief—"what is to become of us? I feel that I cannot stand it much longer on this ill die from exposure."

"O, mother don't say so," replied Julia in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, but which trembled with emotion, "fear God, and as for us—yes, yet. He will sustain us."

"Oh, who would have supposed that we should have been reduced to this!—that George, they say all the blame of it, but it belongs to those who made him drunkard."

"He was generous and noble once, and would have scorned the idea of seeing his wife and child suffer want! But now he is not a noble man, and we soon shall be drunkards."

BARTLETT & SULLIV

gone, I feel it! And here the disconsolate woman burst into tears, and Julia, notwithstanding all her efforts, wept aloud.

But God had seen the suffering of these two lovely beings, and prepared deliverance for them. The father found his way home amid the pelting of the storm. The window curtain was drawn a little aside, and through a broken pane of glass he had heard all that had passed. His heart was penetrated, remorse fastened on his soul, and he bowed down and solemnly vowed, that, God strengthening him, he would never again drink another drop of alcoholic drink. He rose from his knees another being, and as he entered his dwelling, still somewhat under the influence of liquor, he addressed his wife and

him in a tone of affection which did not suit their wares for mouths. Both started at it, as though some voice addressed them from heaven. But little was said. Morning came, and the first thing the father did was to search out the Washington pledge and sign it. Now he felt that he was a restored man, and the energies of mind, as if released from bondage, again acted with their former power. He sought the court room, and as he entered it his former partner saw the change, and shaking him by the hand, exclaimed, "You have reformed; haven't you, George?"

"Yes, by God's help, I have, and a few moments ago I signed the pledge."

The lawyer, amazed, held up his hands and exclaimed, "Gracious heavens, what cannot the Washingtonians accomplish!"

His former associates and admirers crowded around him, to shake his hand, and in five minutes the street drunkard was reinstated. The reformed man's eyes moistened as he fervently repeated, "God bless you, my friends for this."

"But come, George," said his partner, with all the familiarity of former days, "come you must plead the cause of the widow, whose property is in peril; and here is the lot, and to be placed in his hands is \$100. Now if we gain the cause it will be increased to \$500."—The reformed inebriate started, stared with unfeigned interest, and, after a momentary

on him, as properly the case, and he was, in fact, but in a few minutes, with his former vigor and account, before the audience in the case. The room was thronged with people, who listened to every question with the intensest interest. At last he arose to plead the case, and, as his splendid mind, under the excitement of his strange situation, met the desire to acquire what he had lost, burst into streams of surpassing eloquence, a deep murmur of pleasure was heard throughout the room. The jury, after a moment's consultation gave their verdict in favor of his client, and as that was pronounced by the foreman, the audience burst into loud applause in one moment near the widow's agent had placed in his hands the stipulated fee.

It was now sunset, and Julia, worn down with incessant labor, was looking dispiritedly into the street, when suddenly a carriage stopped before the door. In a moment more a servant bearing a bundle, knocked at the door.

"Is this the house of lawyer _____?" said he, addressing Julia.

"Yes," she replied, "but my father is not at home."

"I was told to leave this bundle with you, and deliver this note," and he handed the articles to her father's girl. The hand-writing was her father's, but what it could mean was more than she could imagine. But let me give you a copy of the little note as explanatory of the affair.

"Dear Jack—Get the children to be sitting in the bundle for yourself as a mother, and come immediately to me. The carriage will wait for you. Do not delay for I wish to see you."

Your father, George."

He widened, she rushed into her mother, and read the note. Hope springing up in the soul of the disconsolate wife, and invalid as she was, unassisted, arose from her bed.

"I see how it is," said she, "God hath saved my dear husband, come let us go immediately to him!" Both sobbed with joy as the sunshine of happier days dawned upon them. In a few moments more, the happy wife and daughter were locked in the passionate embrace of the reformed drunkard. It is unnecessary to trace it further, but suffice it to say, that Lawyer Adams in a short time recovered his property, his influence and his friends; that his wife recovered, and that from that day forth, the father, mother and daughter, were among the happiest of the happy.

A mound by post at the north recently sent a jumbled up mass to an editor, which was headed "Poetry." The two first lines, one of which was 20 feet long we give:

"Trend lightly, stranger, 'er his hollow'd durt,

At some future period, there is every probability that if you don't mend your ways, I'll be at you again."

"This is bad manners," said the editor.

"Bad manners!" said the rhymeter, "why man you are mistaken, it's very good measure; in fact it's more than required.—Ecc, Gee."

This reminds us of a couplet perpetrated in the city of Philadelphia. It is as follows:

Who not Pharaoh a great casual,
Was used to persecut the children of Israel
And their wives, and their sons and their
son's wives, to go out in the wilderness
to keep the Paschal!—[Hanshal Jour.

*George Washington Napoleon Jackson
Hanshal Harrison!"

"Ha'am!"

"Tall Josephine Rosine Cleopatra Matilda Victoria, to bring up the slop-pail."

"Yes, yes'am!"

"And don't let me catch you playing with that Jack Jones again. How often have I told you never to play with a boy that had but two names, and particularly such a vulgar name as Jack Jones."

Whew!

AN.] QUINCY, ILL

The following will show the folly of those pursuits in life which so many have found disastrous not less than the importance of a Bankrupt law.

An extract from the letter of a very intelligent gentleman of Boston. The facts stated by him is only a small portion of the information in his possession:

"If ever there was an object readily deserving the attention of Congress, it is the Bankrupt law, for the reason that nearly every merchant and trader *fail* sooner or later, or die destitute of property. This fact I could hardly credit, although often repeated to me, until I heard Gen. Dearborn of Massachusetts, in a lecture

covered last winter, where the farmers of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He declared that 37 out of 100 persons who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, *failed*, or died insolvent. He was contrasting agricultural life with mercantile pursuits, and said that men men should send *into* their sons a love of agriculture. He declared that he would prefer a cottage in this country, with five acres of ground, to the most splendid palace that could be erected in the city. If he must depend upon the success of merchants to support it, he then would not say, that having been some fifteen years in the custom house in Boston, he was surprised to find, at the close of business, an entire new set of men doing business there.

This induced him to look into the subject, and he has ascertained after much labor, time and research, that 37 out of 100 who obtain their livelihood by buying and selling, *failed*, or died insolvent. He has substantiated his calculation to the satisfaction of great experience. This statement, however, appeared to me as startling, so appalling, that I was induced to examine it with more care, and to regret to find I found it true. I then called upon a friend of mine, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to as a disinterested relation to the city of Boston, and he

me that in the year 1866, no one in the membership of every person on Long Wharf, and that in 1840, (which is as long a period as a merchant condones in bankruptcy) only five of a hundred remained. They had all in that time either failed or had lost their property. I then went to the very intelligent director of the Union Bank (a very strong bank), he told me that the bank commenced business in 1708, and that there were then but one other bank in Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the bank was so overrun with business that the clerks and officers were obligated to work until 12 o'clock at night, and all the time; that they had occasion to look back a year or two ago, and they found that of the 1000 accounts which were opened with them in starting, only 50 remained; they had in the 40 years all failed or lost their property.—Houses and office paper passed without a question, and all gone down in that time. Real estate, property, and he is like death, and almost certain; they fall single and all alone, and he is thus forgotten, but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who is thus going. Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the Probate Office a few years since, and he was surprised to find that over 90 per cent. of all the estates settled there, were insolvent. And within a few days I have gone back to the incorporation of the banks in Boston; I have a list of the directors since they started. This is,

over, a very unfair way of testing
re, for Bank directors are generally
the most substantial men in the communi-
ty. In the old Bank, over one third had
lived in 40 years, and in the new banks
much larger proportion. I am sorry to
present to you so gloomy a picture, and I
trust that you will send into your sons, as
General de Bours recommends, a lot of
agriculture, for in agriculture pursuits they
will fail to find economy.

'Jane, what does snootz mean? don't
laugh, my dear, hold up your head, and
tell me what snootz means.'

'Hear, Miss Splitzizable, I don't know.'

'Don't know, child—very strange—very,
don't you guess?'

'No, ma'am, I can't.'

'Well, what do you like to do after sup-
per? Tell what does the child look like
when down for here, Jane, look up and
tell me what you have after supper. You
are a great girl, almost eighteen now, and
your education has been shockingly neg-
lected. What is it you love after supper,
my dear?'

'Oh Miss Splitzizable, I don't like to tell.'

'Don't like to tell nonsense—out with
it.'

'Well, ma'am, if I must tell, I loves Joe
Smith, the miller, to kiss me!'

JAW BREAKING.—Hail do diable in de
cette one two, tree, de dem jirk, sacre
Dieux, and de ditte you do de great leste
one, and de little big jaw. Deux dentiste
dit pull de toy in deus Elais uns gill de
de grand pain, dey pull out de head us vell as
de grinder. Vut I do now? I can no
each de leste dancet de chass, de quad-
rille or de jig—hal mon cher teeste wife,
vut she do wid us all my mouth. I must
send for ons Docteur le medecine to put
one spice on my miserable jaw, and I
must eat de soup meagre—I can no bite
de chicken, de chop, or de coquette.
Sacre, I shall never see one teat pull by
de dem dem yankee dooble—no never, dey
de de grand savage, de grand, Got tem
they lo de John Hall petite garson—dey
deront de jaw, they take out de eye, dey
bite off de nose, and they break off de
nooit. I shall go to Paris, dat is de place,
for de gentleman to lib grand Maisons,
grand Boulevards, grand Tuilleries, and
grand cherry ting—seven jour yankee dooble.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

TALKING OF WOMEN AND DANCING.—I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are so immensely fond of salutory motion; remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she was invited to a ball there, and confided to me to put on her silk stockings to appear in, and about them her presence at the ball was the chief of the question."

"That was a hint to you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No—you're out," said Growling.—"She knew I was no poor as myself, but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan

"Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit on the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed *painting her legs*!"

"Painting her legs?" they all exclaimed.

"Each, sir," said the doctor, "and she succeeded on me for telling her if the chest was painted!"

"And was it?" asked Darcy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I comprehend one misconception—namely, that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you did zeezill!" cried Dick.

"Capital, indeed," said Tom Darcy.

"But not a safe conceit," added the doctor.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got *some* rose pink at once, and I took all the business in Nottingham, and make a tighter fit than I did on the lady and a prettier pair of stockings."

"And she went to the ball?" said Darcy.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" said Darcy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend them to their friends, and what a woman can do to raise a fortune, what a little firm-

SPECIAL TASKS.—A day or two since we were met by a couple of friends, and in the course of conversation, the currency question became the topic. Each one in turn told me some story of bank swindle, and broker-slaving that had actually occurred within the circle of his acquaintance, and the company had one or two curious laughs at the expense of some unfortunate individual, no matter whether he was present or not.

After one or two "big" stories had been told, I found at my left who had not taken much part in the *jeûre*, had appeared rather not to refresh himself, slipped his hand from the table, and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, you have all been telling your stories, let me tell mine." As our friend was rather a comical old feller, and at the same time a very serious face on every occasion, though it were ever so trifling, the company cried "agreed!" agreed! go ahead, have it," and then all was silence.

"Well, then," said our friend, "if you want to hear the d—nt shaming story that you ever did hear, just keep cool. I have lived in all my life had much more on hand at any one time, but a short

before the suspension of specie payments by the Minor's Bank of Dubuque, and \$200 of her bills, and when I heard news of her failure, I thought she had sold some more again, so I held on to the money. After a few weeks, I saw it was going to the—I—, and I determined to get rid of it; so I took it to a broker's, and changed it for Citra, at thirty per cent discount. This looked some paying readily for a share; but the next thing I heard was that the Citra Bank was coming up, and that I go faster, and sell my Citra for five per cent more, and that was the product of my speculations in the State Bank of Illinois money. Next day at seven goes the State Bank—burst to pieces, and d—n me if I didn't lose thirty per cent more, in obtaining Shaw's money; and then I thought I was safe with what little money I had got—but for a few worldly affairs—lost—down goes the Shawtown Bank—I fused to realize some cash raised—and to prevent the brokers from causing me regret, I went to a private individual, and gave him all the Shawtown money I had, for twenty dollars Ohio money, and on offering to pass it, this was told it was counterfeit. And now whether you believe it or not, I tell you the truth, it is a fact, that there is the whole revenue of my \$200." On saying this, our friend slipped down two bills on a Georgia Bank of Painesville, and with a thump on the table that shook the room, exclaimed—"Yes, these two d—d counterfeit notes on the bank of Georgia are the whole remainder of my money!"

"The whole company rose up, and the old gentleman, rising, from his seat, stuck his hands under a coat tail and deliberately left the room.—(St. Louis. N. O. C.)

"Cast or Low.—By letters from Times' is understood that the only exceptions taken on the trial of John C. Coit, was a—before the Supreme Court at Utica Wednesday, by Messrs. Morrell and Holden, on the part of the prisoner, and Messrs. R. Whiting, Esq., for prosecution. The Court decided that the judgment of the Oyer and Terminer be affirmed, and ordered that they proceed to sentence the prisoner. We understand that the case will be carried to the Court of Errors, which body meets on the last Monday in August, in the city of Albany.—(N. Y.

High

6, 1812. [VOL.]

Mr. Mathiot's speech.

During the discussion on the Tariff bill in the House of Representatives on Monday last, Mr. Wheeler [L. F.] of Ohio, rose on his colleague Mr. Mathiot to substantiate, if he dare, certain charges which the latter had previously made against President Truitt.—Mr. Mathiot accepted the challenge and rose to withdraw the charge. The National Intelligencer has reported of what was said by him, in support of his charge, from which the following extracts are made:

Mr. Mathiot proceeded to say:—The Treasury Department, during the extra session, while the first bank bill was pending,

As soon as it was ascertained that the President was about to veto the bill, Whigs retired from the White House. The President complained of this, and was left in the hands of the Loco-focos, who were anxious to see his Whig friends and the members of the Union delegation portrayed thus to be the cause, they held out for the purpose of converting the propriety of visiting the President. Strong objections were raised by some, especially by anglers and celebrities now understood to be Mr. Morrow, on the ground that while so important a pending reform bill, it was in-dignity for members of Congress to incur the expense of visiting the President. The Executive Legislative branches of the Government were distinct and independent, and the President ought to be left to his duties without judgment in the case. But the objections were overruled, and it was determined by the majority that the bill should be paid, and they organized a committee of two to wait on the President. They called and implored the President could be seen. The answer was, that he was not only unwilling to see them, but would not receive them. At five o'clock in the afternoon, (Friday) they went accordingly, the President met them at the door, and gave them a cordial welcome and Mr. M. would

to the committee, if not the very image of the President, the substance of what he said.

The President told them he was exceedingly glad to see them there that he understood the object of their visit; that there to have a free and frank interchange of opinion; and he desired that there be no compromise, but that they would remain truly all their mind. He had intended to go to his home to return to the bill to Congress; but he was willing to concede that determination. He had accompanying members the next day to the ship Delaware (then lying at Annapolis); he would discuss the subject in his mind, and suffer not people to suppose him in reality not. On day morning he would go to church to say his prayers; and in the afternoon would reside in his chamber—sitting out world—and carry the whole subject before of grace and acknowledgment on his mind; if after that he could be persuaded to let him sign the bill, he would sign it, and if not, he prayed—[here Mr. M.'s voice became loud and broken; he put his hands to his face, and what he said was lost to the Recorder. While he sat, Mr. M. seemed deeply affected, there was a general air of laughter throughout the House.]

Mr. M. proceeded to say that he had not satisfied the President intended to sign the bill, yet when he saw the big standing in his eyes, and heard him

of his mental anguish, no power on earth could have induced him to doubt his integrity; he then believed him to be perfectly honest. But mark the result! After the President had dried his tears, the delegation gave him to understand that he had not come there to embrace him on the traitor. They came there to inform frankly what they believed would be the effect of the return of the bill upon the country generally, and upon their own State in particular, which they accordingly did, setting forth the injurious consequences which could not fail to follow. The President listened to them patiently; then said, "gentlemen, you are mistaken in your conclusions. The bill will not reflect its influence, will cause the nation, the *Loco Focos*, will raise a shout of triumph, but that cannot deter me from doing my duty. But, if I do this bill, you can immediately repeal it; which was proposed by Mr. Ewing as Senate and run passed in three days: he says that bill, and I will promptly sign it, my signature." Mr. M. understood clearly to signify that that was the he was in favor of and if it were possible would promptly sign it. Mr. M. him that that bill had one feature in it which would prevent the Whigs from coming for it; which was, that branches could be extended into the States without the consent of the States; the practical result of which would be that once but Whigs would receive the Bank, and the Union would effect no general benefit to the country. His reply was, "Why you are mistaken. I have examined that bill; it is a good one; you can have made it as good as you desired if it was necessary." Mr. M. told them that that he carefully considered the bill and studied it. The President said it could not be; and that if Mr. M. would examine it, he would find that the Bank was empowered to extend branches into the States with or without their consent, if it was necessary to carry out the Constitution. He spoke of the different sections of the bill, and seemed familiar with its details. When the delegation retired he followed them to the door, and said that if they had any request for which they would, in case this bill should be enacted, introduce Mr. Ewing's bill, please send it to him, and he would sign it. There was other conversation which the President had with other members of the

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that Mr. Moore was in conversation with that gentleman on these days, and he quite sure he would confirm every word of this statement. He now called on the colleagues who had been present to the effect, in their interview with the President, that the President had not deceased before the passage of Mr. Fearing's bill, in his own opinion, and he should call on the other colleagues (Mr. Moore) to say whether the President did not survive, and he had not then read the bill. He then called on the committee, and they were then presented the photograph of the President taken on the 15th of March, presented in the House, and that from the President's own hand, which was a full-length portrait, and he argued on the propriety of the several sections. Why was it necessary to say that, when he had not then the belief in the facts. Of course, instead of accompanying the measure of Congress as it went to the States, it was not what he wished, he resigned. Every body was disappointed, and he did not go. Another thing, that gentleman was mistaken from Mr. M. was considered to affirm that Mr. M. Now he would not say that the President was at that time badly affected with any one of the foregoing diseases, but it appeared that the President was at that time in a state of

the president ought to have with-
drawn from this office, he was im-
mediately elected and sent to Congress.
"Having a bill had been presented
him he would have signed it. For
of the doctrine contained in the first
message. The President then said
the doctrine that a State, having
been in the Union, withdrew from
it at State secession, is unconstitutional.
The branches have the power to re-
peal laws and the power to amend
the constitution of the United States.
The second branch has the power to re-
peal laws. Mr. Ewing's bill, which
I have on my table to be sent to the
Senate, that branch could be easily
passed. The States only with their consent
can be readmitted, should have the
right of disunion. The President
himself is in disunion, and, as
a result, to get out of the Union, in-
stead of remaining in it. The President
is required to the assertion that he
is not so much as to the bill."
Senator Ingalls asked whether the words
sent to the Ohio members by Mr.
on Friday evening, by the Presi-
dent he had now read the bill and
he could not sign it?
Mr. Mathias said he had heard of no
thing, nor could it have been, say, for
first intimation he received that
the President would not sign it was from
his agent (Mr. Good) on Monday morning.
Weller inquired whether there had

not have been derived from that region, and the President's impressions are not from that have been prepared about the bolles he had done, in view of the telegraphical.

Mr. M. said he knew nothing about the President had spoken loudly of the different sections of the ball, though he were well acquainted with it, it likely he would plead himself to the bill he had never read.

Mr. M. said he had not met with any address the committee, but in the office himself from an imputation of the mind false and injurious charges, he had accomplished that, at the House had his assertion on the side and the President's in the other.

Mr. M. would, in his opinion, be justified, and if the facts were in fact, he would, who could doubt that, in the difficulty, the President had not a difficulty.

Mr. M. said, that having read his pledge, he would now resume his seat.

Advertisement—The Wheeling (Va.) is given the following scrap of good news:

At dawn, rest your limbs on a desk, of your four arms two pillars, rest on the poles of your hands, straight ahead and think—like a surveyor of your past and present life—a queer thing it is so different from a most close and near to you supplies.

How you have changed in position, in condition, in character, and in everything since the small amount of clay which became animated—

You were "mauling and puking in your mother's arms." After you have read fully upon that, and reviewed it of its bearings, go to work and make the most of the circumstances which surround you be they what they may."

While you are thinking over all these things, suppose you ask yourself the question: "Do I owe the editor of the Quilecy paper for my paper?"—and inwardly resolve, if you do, to clear your conscience for it.

Jefferson said—"Experience has taught that no manufactures are now so necessary to our independence as to our comfort."

Butter.—The great point in making butter, and that which will keep, is seeing it from all buttermilk; and if this thing also is well done, if this point is overlooked, good butter is impossible any length of time. The mixture of any degree with the butter is sure to give it brownness or any unpleasant color to the butter; and the entire freedom of this constitutes the grand secret of good butter. There are many ways of washing butter with water incompatible with retaining the rich flavor; if the water is cold and pure, it is hardly possible any thing should be washed out; the buttermilk which destroys the flavor of all butter excepted. Besides, the best butter in the world, and that which the markets commands the best prices, Dutch butter, is invariably made in this way; and where the example has been followed by others, it has rarely failed of success. If any, however, doubt the process of washing butter, they may use the method they choose, provided the milk is separated perfectly. Perfectly clean the substance that causes it to retain the putrid frowny taste of bad butter may be kept with almost as much as follows. Solidity in packing, clean vessels, and a low temperature, will keep it keeping for any reasonable time. Let us not expect good butter, however, so long as coarse impure salt is put in a particle of the buttermilk is allowed to remain.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

